Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarse?

2. *Gen.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The

The rough and wofull musick
Cause it to sound I beseech yo
The Viall once more; how th
The musicke there: I pray you
Gentlemen, this Queene will
Nature awakes a warme breat
She hath not bene entranc'st a
See how she gins to blow into

1. *Gen.* The heauens throug
And sets vp your fame for euer

Cer. She is aliue, behold her
Cases to those heauenly iewels
Begin to part their fringes of
The Diamonds of a most prais
To make the world twice rich
To heare your fate, faire creatu

She mo

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where
What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neigh
To the next chamber beare he
Now this matter must be look
Is mortall: come, come, and E

They carrie her away.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus,

Per. Most honourd *Cleon*, I
My twelue months are expird
In a peace: you and your Lady
All thankfulnesse, The Gods r

Cleon. Your shakes of fortu
Mortally, yet glance full wond

Dion. O your sweete Quee
You had brought her hither t

Per. We cannot but obey t